nuch she had paid for it—never how pretty, wistful, spinsterish poems, And having worn it.

"From what?" asked Isabel coolly.

having worn it.
She kept it, slightly scornful both She kept it, slightly scornful both of it and of herself. She felt it might serve at least one useful purpose, it might remind her not to be such a feel part time. Not to buy a thing decorative purposes. Even the chair decorative purposes. Even the chair decorative purposes. Even the chair decorative purposes. froll—next time. Not to buy a thing and take it home with her merely because its texture caressed her fingers, its color drugged her eves. gers, its color drugged her eyes. alone was enough to show the innate

Black and gray and white—those were her proper shadings, like a fine this fashion:

She hadn't wash drawing or a delicately pointed the pointed the purple as tropic skies at midnight. Sher as tropic skies at midnight. Sher as cobweb, but brocaded its entire length in large, loose-petaled flowers which gave it a velvety roughness ineffably exquisite to feel. Silver and umber the purple of the properties of the purple obbweb, but brocaded its entire length in large, loose-petaled flowers which gave it a velvety roughness ineffably exquisite to feel. Silver and umber and green, violet and orange and rose—those were the strange, blurred flowers which blossomed on the purple searf and and said. "Come and eat lunch with me" (just that, at

gray gloves and white.

No wonder Isabel couldn't wear it!
No woman named Isabel could. Least of all, an Isabel like Isabel Sheridan whose feigh it was to be a like Isabel sheridan whose fetish it was to be at all times fastidiously inconspicuous, who abhorred extremes in garment or behavior as affronting the aristocratic sense, marring the inherited back-

ISABEL'S ancestors had lived in great, high-ceilinged houses, set in wide gardens, behind tall gates. It altered Isabel's conception of her own obliged nobility not at all that she lived in a small apartment in a brownstone gully of a street, with one maid to look after her, with a fireplace, it is true (in a town where fireplaces are dearer than any pound of fiest), with built-in bookcases and squat, mellow lamps, but still an apartment, not a

Isabel earned the apartment by the sweat of her smooth, white brow. She wrote books for girls, which brought her in a rather comfortable income-and delightful, if somewhat anemic, verse. It brought her in nothing much at all. An occasional bit of oliteness from an elderly editor, per

haps.
Elderly editors, where Isabel was concerned, sufficed, apparently, for masculine contact. By virtue per-haps of the books for girls, she was what is known as "a woman's wowhat is known as "a woman's wo-man," spending long, solitary, con-tented hours alone in the apartment of an evening, going to concerts alone, going to theaters with other women, which in the minds of some shame-less sisters is as good as alone. There was, of course, Jefferson Poole—but as his grandfather chanced to have been Isabel's grandfather's overseer, and his grandmother Isabel's grandmother's English maid, he could to show him his place:

Isabel's ordered existence.

She allowed him—since they happened to live in the same city—to sit by her fire twice a month or so; that was all. And she felt it, at that, a concession. He did not keep his hands as a gentleman should. The long, strong, nervous fingers were stained with nicotine, sometimes even with paint. He wore unspeakable ties and was apt to go shiny at the elbows. From choice as well as necessity. Of course, occasionally, he achieved a bit of work that even Isabel admitted was out of the ordinary. So far out of the ordinary that nobody wanted it.

"With your knowledge of black and white," she had once reproached him aloofly, "you could get all the work He did not keep his

aloofly, "you could get all the work you could handle—if only you would keep at it. Why will you mess about

"Because I love 'em." said Jefferson Poole shortly.

He had a rather charming mouth

and narrow, skeptical, smiling black eyes. When he looked at Isabel the Isabel mouth tipped down at one corner and he ran a hand through his dark hair with a gesture which to him spelled exasperation; to her, cheap

Why do you grind out those terrible, untrue sagas of distorted adoles

Awakening'?" inquired Isabel coldly. "I fancy you flatter yourself, my ar," said Jefferson Poole, "but we'll let that pass. Point is, we each have our Land of Cockayne, our unre-quited affection, our thwarted career. want to paint; you want to write We're both failures.

She tightened her lips. She withdrew an intangible loveliness from her face withdraws a candle from a Isabel. "I have an important engagement. It is absolutely necessary for me to go out to luncheon." She added, "I make an excellent living," she

said.
"So does a cook," said Jefferson
Poole. "With a good deal more rea-

son for boasting." SHE showed him the door that time,

but he came back in a week. He had no pride, the grandson of the overseer and the English maid—he always came back, offering by way of ready taken place.

But Isabel had taken the hyacinth then she tried it around her throat out of her hair and set it in a glass of and looked in the mirror.

water on the table. "In place of butwater on the table. "In place of butter," she corrected—for they were having tea and Jefferson had forgotten believing that she needed it to meet having tea and Jefferson had forgotten believing that she needed it to meet to provide that homely but indispens Jefferson Poole at 1 o'clock, she ig-

able lubricant.

He only laughed. He often laughed

at Isabel. Next time she came to
tea with him, he gave her not only
butter but strawberry jam. That was
Jefferson Poole. Congenitally, he over"I'll wear it," said Mattie.
"It makes me feel like Jezehel." did things-except when he forgot to of all the men in an overcrowded

It Was a Gorgeous, Exotic Thing, and Isabel Wore It Because Her Throat Was Delicate. HE never knew why she had bought it.

It had lain in a drawer for three whole years, and she had never worn it. It did not, as hey say in the little shops, look like was as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she was not in the least her kind of thing.

Sometimes she touched it, feeling about in the drawer for something else. Sometimes she even said to herself that she would send it to this one or that for Christmas, or birth-day—yet she never did send it away. She couldn't quite bring herself to the act.

She never wore it. But she kept it. And she was not one to keep things without reason. It rather annoyed her sometimes—to remember how

World. he was the least appropriate companion for Isabel. He offended her opportunity and nerve-end. So she saw as little as she could of him—she little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she world of him—as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she was a able—for the most part drifting able, world of him as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she was could of him—thought of him as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she could of him—thought of him as little as she was could of him—thought of him as little as she was a able—for the most part drifting able, world could be of the plainest black. And overshoes lend a dernier cri—of samely control of the revery flat she would send it to this out of the scart had to be worn, if there were should us about to protect a delicate throat (Isabel was particulously abunded the protect of the tree, which makes it all the more incredible that the thing is perfect on you. Utterly were nothing else available with which to protect a delicate throat (Isabel was about oper of the were nothing else available with which the protect.

Sometimes she even said to this of the plainest black. And overshoes lend a dernier cri—of sepectability.

Sometimes he even fid send to the scart had to be worn, if there were nothing e

She never wore it. But she kept it.
And she was not one to keep things without reason. It rather annoyed her sometimes—to remember how the back to remember how the sometimes—to remember how things. For relaxation she wrote her pretty, wisful spinsterish poems. And

She lived an even, reasonable, well

When she found it she had been looking for a sensible muffler. That alone was enough to show the innate alone was enough to show the show

alone was enough to show the innate absurdity of her buying such perishable trash. That it hadn't proved perishable was owing entirely to the fact that it had lain three sheltered years under piles of black and gray silk stockings, fine linen handkerchiefs, gray gloves and white.

"How could I have been such a fool as to buy it? I loathe feeling I've been a fool about anything. It will never be any sort of use to me. It will lie there the rest of my life. I shall never war that wretched thing."

But she did. She wore it the day she said good-by to Jefferson Poole. It happened queerly; not in the least of her own will, but it happened

and eat lunch with me" (just that, at

"Well, did I flatten you out? Have

staurant.
"You sounded slightly startled when

know it myself a week ago."

"Are you going—to stay?"

"If I can get away with it."

If he could get away with what?

Isabel wouldn't ask. She wouldn't

Isabel wouldn't ask. She wouldn't

thority in things requiring choice.
"How about a steak?" was the commonest inspiration of Jefferson Poole. He was apt to add hashed brown potatoes, and he always insisted on ice cream. This time proved no ex-

Isabel said that she would have a chicken sandwich and a pot of Ceylon tea. She kept on her coat till the steak and the sandwich arrived. Then she slipped it off and tried to slip the series with the She wight. she slipped it off and tried to slip the scarf away with it. She might have known it would snare his eye. Perhaps she did know, and the knowledge made her clumsy. An end of the scarf caught in the buckle of her wrist watch. Jefferson Poole disentangled a thread and freed her, his dark eyes widening with pleasure.

"Because now I've got to paint you in it," said Jefferson Poole. "Oh!" said Isabel weakly. So that

He turned, steering her toward the was all. He swallowed his luncheon in haste. He made her almost gulp her own. He would listen to none of her protest. "We'll duck back to my studio there's no one there—and get a sketch of this right now," said Jefferson Poole. "The violet and umber in that

"You haven't time," she begged.
"I have!" said Jefferson Poole. you could see yourself as I see you, with that sinful violet smudge against one cheek"— he squinted at her—"it gives you an ivory tone—a cold, smooth, sensuous ivory."

"I'll get something out of you that'll

HE caught a passing taxi; he shoved Isabel into it. He gave directions and slammed the door, dropping down beside her with a look of burning absorption.
"Get that horrible hat off you—first

thing."
"Horrible hat." It was new. It was
—if dark and very simple—the finest sort of felt. It was-He silenced her rudely. "Be quiet,



"I'm sorry, Jefferson, I can't. I'm working today."

"not Bulawayo—Los Angeles."
Then he left off baiting her.
"No fooling, Isabella. You may not see me for some time. Come down and I'll buy you a farewell feed."
"But where?" said Isabel. "But

"This is a rotten connection," said Jefferson Poole. "Tell all when I see you. Meet me at 1 o'clock. We'll eat at the restaurant in the station. My train goes at 3." "I'm not sure that I can-" began

"Meet you at 1," repeated Jefferson \* \* \* \*

AFTER that came only a fine cackling across the wire, an irritable buzzing and a frightful valedictory croak.

Isabel hung up the receiver. "This is too utterly absurd," she said to herself. "I shall do nothing of the sort." She called Mattie, her colored maid, and demanded with crispness the whereabouts of a certain blue fox fur. "I am going out for luncheon," said and my coat is still at the

We're both failures.

Isabel whitened with rage. She held "So's the fur, Miss Belle," said Mather smooth, brown head in the air, tie, apologetically. "I sent it out two "So's the fur, Miss Belle," said Mat-"This is exceedingly annoying," said

being, after all, only a woman, "And I haven't a thing to wear."

Mattie brightened. "Yo' black coat's

"Do you want me to freeze?" replied She sounded as if her freezing would

Mattie persisted valiantly: "Some planation:
"All the other women in the world e so clever. Your simplicity rests "If you can find me anything at all," are so clever. Your simplicity rests
me, Isabel!"
She knew when he talked of other
women he was on familiar ground. He
knew his subject. She had on her
"If you can find me anything at all,
I will wear it." said Isabel.
She was being disagreeable merely
by way of combatting the sense of loss
she felt at Jefferson Poole's going rare visits to his studio, which was on away. An antagonism, unexpectably

rare visits to his studio, which was on a squalid street in a pseudo-artistic part of town, seen incontrovertible evidence of feminine interest—a book of silly poems, marked, initialed wavily; hyacinths in a paper-frilled pot behave the north light.

No man—even Isabel knew—no man the his senses bought hyacinths in a Something in a Something in a Something in a senses bought hyacinths in a Something in a som No man—even Isabel knew—no than in his senses bought hyacinths in a paper-frilled pot to present to himself.

Jefferson had broke i the stem of the youngest hyacinth, purple-blue and oversweet, and tucked the flower in the knot of hair at the back of Isabel's neck.

Now the purple scarr. Triumphant. Something in its exotic ardors had long appealed to her unjaded senses. Saild Mattie: "H'yah, Mis' Belle!" And offered the glamourous web. "You kin jus' wrap that 'round yo' neck."

Isabel took the scarf. She turned it across her hand and stared at it, then she tried it across her hand and stared at it. This veteran photographer, the only photographer of the Geological Surphotographer of the Geological Surphotograph

nored its shameless coloring and con

she answered him bolly, with intent was being cleaned and I had to have Isabella. I'm trying to remember.

otous."

tore off his coat and threw it to one trembing in good earnest now; that values. She trembing in good earnest now; that values. She trembing in good earnest now; that values.

she answered him oolly, with intent to show him his place:

"The sorry, Jefferson, I can't. I'm was being cleaned and I had to have something." said Jefferson Poole kindly, "The rich glade and I had to have something." said Jefferson Poole kindly, "The rich glade and I had to have something." said Jefferson Poole kindly, "Toort be alltitle for him conn."

"A ah:" said Jefferson Poole kindly, "Toort be alltitle for how and the after noon."

"A ah:" said Jefferson Poole kindly, "Toort be alltitle for him conn."

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"A ah:" said Jefferson Poole kindly, "Toort be alltitle for him conn."

"A ah:" said Jefferson Poole kindly, "Toort be alltitle fool!" said Jefferson Poole kindly at the toron. Snatched out this watch, frowned at it. and shoved the back again. Then he laughed, to the watch of that. Even there is a blue hollow in your thout. I never noticed before what a luscious, before the foole with a single for word in the reso

"If the continuous with annoyance—of hands, tremulous with annoyance—of the remotions less easily indexed.
"Take off your hat, gir!" said Jefferson Poole.
"Take off you want to." He was my grandfather's overser. His squeezing colors out upon a palette, as he talked. "Pull the scarf up higher. No, don't touch it, I'll fix it myself. Throw your things on that chair behind you. Don't look so scared, Isabella. I'm not going to bite."
"I am not scared," said Jashel frostly.
"No?" said Jefferson Poole. "Then why look it?"

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"I am not scared," said Jashel frost-give.
"No?" said Jefferson Poole. "Then why look it?"

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ti'll he talked. "Pull the scarf up higher."
No, don't touch it, I'll fix it myself. Throw your things on that chair behind you. Don't look so scared, said Isabel frost ily.
"I'a m not scared," said Isabel frost ily.
"No?" said Jefferson Poole. "Then why look it?"
He went over to where she stood, folded his arms, and stared down at her scowlingly.
"M'm. Too tight." He swept defending hands aside and loosened her hair till it lay on her oheeks in two leaf-brown waves. "Better—but not right yet! Not—entirely—right—too much white slik collar—don't want anything showing but that scarf—makes it too thick—ought to be fish back of those sheer bits—take out the pin—"how—"one wavay from him.
He caught her arm and gave it a shake. "Don't, be such an unholy prig! Can't the collar of that blouse one wider?"

It is a more started ears. "It didn't seem to matter very much with this kiss on her lips, that care-telles, coaxing "darling" still in her startled ears. "It didn't seem to matter very much with this kiss on her lips, that care-telles, coaxing "darling" still in her startled ears. "It didn't seem to matter very much with this kiss on her lips, that care-telles, coaxing "darling" still in her startled ears. "Oh, gorgeous!" said Jefferson Poole. "When she went back to the pose, he drew a great sigh of relief. And appeared to forget that she existed. Except as sweet eyes and ivory flesh behind a Circean mesh of silk. "Color!" said Jefferson Poole. "What will you?" said Jefferson Poole. "What greens and pearls!" said vide when his lips, that care-telles, coaxing "darling" still in her startled ears. "Oh, gorgeous!" said Jefferson Poole. "When she went back to the pose, he drew a great sigh of relief. And appeared to forget that she existed. Except as sweet eyes and ivory flesh behind a Circean mesh of silk. "Color!" said Jefferson Poole. "What greens and pearls!" said vide flesh with this kiss on her lips, that care-telles, coaxing "darling" still in her startled ears. "Ob, gorgeous!" said Jefferson Poole. "What greens an

prig: Can't the collar of that blouse peep wider?"

It did. Into a V. Only Isabel had never worn it so.

"That's better!" said Jefferson Poole.
"Now we're getting somewhere! Haven't a lipstick—have you?"

Haven't a lipstick—have you?" never worn it so.
"That's better." said Jefferson Poole. "Now we're getting somewhere! Haven't a lipstick—have you?" "I don't use that sort of thing," snapped Isabel.
It disturbed her sharply that the

And she saw him now, just as he

alues. Unanswered. She tried to make him talk about the

the dark room long enough to answer specific questions about his work.

with figures, if accuracy is to be safe-guarded, yet it is safe to assume that

this photographer has handled nearly

half a million prints during the last half century. His connection with the forest service during the past twenty-

odd years has further contributed to his knowledge of the West through the photographic lens, this Govern-

ment service taking pictures of a great variety of Western scenes—ranging from holes perforated in trees by woodpeckers to picturesque waterfalls and correct forms of mentions.

falls and acres of magnificent wood-lands. The work of Mr. Jones for the

lands. The work of Mr. Jones for the present, however, is confined to the making of lantern slides. These are designed for educational purposes, used in illustrating lectures on a diversity of subjects, varying in character from the administration of grazing lands to the conducting of schools

ing lands to the conducting of schools in woodcraft at the Forest Products

Laboratory.

Speaking reminiscently, Mr. Jones told about the most difficult piece of photographic printing he had encountered during his 50 years' experience. It was not the incident of coaxing

an Indian to reveal to the camera the tattoos on his body—though that was difficult enough. It was during the World's Fair, in 1893, when the Geological Survey had received a request from the Standard Oil Co. to make a transparency of the man of

as a boy assigned to such odd jobs

a map of the entire United States on

Guessing is hazardous in dealing

he offered later: "Like to rest now? This is going better."
Then he pushed a chair forward with

son Poole. "Tricky little shadow there.
Blast the light—it's as good as gone!
Never mind." He sang very softly,
smiling at his own work: "Oh, how

I've waited for you."

Isabel almost cried out, "Please—please don't"—the silly words stabbed

her so.

But all at once he put his brushes down, put his palette down, wiped his hands on a rag, and beckoned her.

"Come and have a look—it's only a sketch—but it's good!"

They stood hefore the corol together.

They stood before the easel together. He ran a hand through his hair, the gesture she had always disliked. Seeing him now, hearing him now—now that he was going away—now that in, one short hour he would be gone—Isa-bel knew the restlessness, the strain

oel knew the restlessness, the strain in those thrusting fingers, and ached only to quiet them against her breast. "What do you think of yourself?" he asked her.

Her self—her painted self—was strange. Ivory-fleshed, as he had said, with a swirl of sorcerous color for the scarf. The line work of the breath scarf. The lips were soft. The throat was satin-sweet. The eyes were—cru-elly betrayed. Isabel hid them with

Poole. "Beautiful—isn't it?"

He added, catching her up to him—
an afterthought of savage tenderness,
"You should have seen yourself!
I haven't half got you—yet!"

at parting, "or you will come out."

The grandson of the overseer—to [sabel! She held up her face to him.

"Portrait of the Artist's Wife," said be sectional molds of some of the first present the control of the section of the sect Jefferson Poole. "Like that better han the other? I've a notion, myself, o call it Galatea."
She sobbed, and he kissed her again

make a transparency of the map of the United States. This map had to be put on a wet plate and the piece of glass on which it was finally placed was 50 inches wide and 85 inches long. The fact that Mr. Jones had graduated in the school of experience—starting in the photographic work niddle of the floor, looking at it. Tears till in her eyes.

Three whole years it had lain in a rawer. She remembered the day she had bought it—in a moment of impulse, carelessly, foolishly even. Not knowing when she was to wear it, nor to what purpose. If she had known—

Characters, children, annual legendary creatures. But the new marble making has crowded them permanently to the shelf.

The visitor is also shown a globe about two reet in diameter that appears to be solid marble; one-quarrer semingly being verde antique, or the green French marble, another gray as cleaning up the laboratory—served him well in overcoming such ob-stacles as that presented in printing She could never go back to being

happy alone—now. Never again be satisfied with her stodgy little books, her thin little poems. Perhaps she wouldn't even be able to go on writing them. They'd seem too stodgy, and too thin, to be worth the writing after this—perhaps. They'd be too dull

ncome, no more neat maid, and no cozy apartment. Portrait of the Artist's Wife. Shiny

across. Tears slipping down her face.

Her mouth distorted.

The threads gave with a small, thin sound. The rasp of a cry. The torn scarf clung between her fingers like something living. Living—and lovely—and warm——.

Isabel wined her even with it. Sho

Isabel wiped her eyes with it. She set her unsteady lips to i.t smoothed it out and folded it—a

in every fingertip. She laid it once more away in the drawer against the time when Jefferson Poole should come back to her—or she should go to him. (Copyright, 1927.)

## Artificial Marble.

At the end of half an hour he said:
"Want to stop? I'm in a bit of a jam.
Help a lot if you could hold out a
while longer."
"I'll hold it," said Isabel—and did.
She was shaking with fatigue, when
he offered later:

At the end of half an hour he said:
by a substitute for marble is produced so perfectly that even experts
may be deceived. Furthermore, the
processes are by no means costly. processes are by no means costly. Real marble costs anywhere from \$7 to \$10 a yard. The imitation marble is manufac

"I don't use that sort of thing," snapped Isabel.

It disturbed her sharply that the palms of her hands were chilly and damp. Jefferson Poole had never really touched her before. She could not bear him to know it was making her tremble now.

He wasn't noticing. "Then bite your lips and make 'em red. will you. That's a good girl. You've got a lovely mouth—actually lovely—too pale, though. And you want to—look not so—far-away. See what I mean?"

"No. I don't at all see what you mean," said Isabel. Said Jefferson Poole: "And I haven't got time to explain to you."

He ran a hand through his hair, looked wildly about the room, snatched out his watch, frowned at it, and shoved it back again. Then he laughed, a brief, excited chuscle.

"Well," he said, and suddenly he kissed Isabel full upon her mouth, tenderly, yet a trifle roughly.

And she saw him now, just as he was going away.

"Can be saked absently. "Some tred, will a minute or so longer?" he asked absently. "Gone death to got the time of a hunger from the blong now."

In be long now."

Isabel stood it a minute longer. She had never heard him before, and now he was going away.

"Want to rest?" said Jefferson Poole: "And I haven't got time to explain to you."

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"Can a make dabsently. "Sabella. Wor't be long now."

Isabel stood it a minute longer. The in slience, while he tinkered him his leanch. The he pushed a chair forward with the charker han I thought, deep but soft—hu'th only ber own breast. Over and he reproduced by these wonderful mover she said to herself. "Two one heard her.

The heavy, frightened beating of her heavy, frightened beating of her where the his manufactions and with the chark in silence, while he tinkere but it is just as likely that it was made right at home and has only been

in existence a few months.

With the new processes can be thought, keeping her eyes on many thought, keeping her see him again—he'll have letting them speak if they would:

"If I never see him again—he'll have this—of me. I'll have done something for him. I'll have given him something. What is the matter with me? thing. What is the matter with mer of the kinds most frequently imitated are the white-veined Queen Anne, the American marting a scarf—less. The secret process newly appears to the wind and American marting.

With a certain secret process newly discovered an imitation of French Caen stone can be produced from cement and this can be carved and treated in every way as the ordinary build-ing stone that is used so constantly in architectural finishing. In a similar manner, ordinary Portland cement

nificent marble vestibules, halls and entrances, pillars and entire floor and wainscoting in houses and public buildings made with the manufactured article are evidences of ess.

Not only do these built marbles look

and feel like the real stone, but the manufacturers claim that they with-stand the severest tests in the way of strain, heat, shock, as electric cur-rent insulators and all the adverse elements to which any architectural work is subjected. As electrical tests have been successful, the new material can be used to advantage in the mak was satin-sweet. The eyes were—cruelly betrayed. Isabel hid them with her two hands.

"How could you!" she said. "Oh—how could you!" muttered Jefferson

"Beautiful—" muttered Jefferson

"Beautiful—" muttered Jefferson

"Beautiful—" to "the transfer of the transfer of th 60,000 volts without damage.

Artificial marble can also be veneered on wood or ordinary stone. Slabs with the finish of Vermont marble, faced on wood, appear as genuine s the solid stone.

The inventor of the new process be-

HE barely made his six-something gan in the statuary business and train—but he made it. The picture he left with Isabel. In her apartwhere are life-size statues of various sorts. In another room are vast ous sorts. In another room are vast shelves filled with what at first appear ished statues just inspected. To pre-vent confusion, they are labeled and when he had really gone, she picked up the purple scarf from a chair and arried it into her room; stood in the niddle of the floor, looking at it. Tears till in her eyes. the visitor can see St. Anthony rest crowding all around are various bibli-cal, ancient and modern historical characters, children, animals and legendary creatures. But the new

> green French marble, another gray Italian, and a third Sienna marble, but all of these are perfect imitations, the delicate lines and wonderful pol-ish of the real stone being evident. Yet the manufacturer states that the globe was made in his factory

Another part of the factory is arranged for handling the veneering In which case—no more comfortable processes; another, the polishing noome, no more neat maid, and no while the special orders and statuary work have a room apart. After the Portrait of the Artist's Wife. Shiny at the elbows—like the Artist. His hardening, the slabs are stored in eyes came back to her—his husky, great racks from which they are cut half-whispered singing—the rapt. reck-

## 50 Years in a Photographic Dark Room Makes U.S. Employe Geographic Expert showing the West that I feel that I am as familiar with that section as if I had visited every spot," said Mr. Jones, as he absented himself from

HE writer found him in the dark

room of the photographic laboratory on the top floor of the building quartering the United States Forest Service in this In this and other dark rooms he has spent about six hours a day for more than half a century. In other words, he is the oldest active photographer in the Government

service.
Charles C. Jones, officially designated as a wet-plate photographer of the Forest Service, may be described as the authorized Government photographer for photographing Indians. He is the only man who made por-traits of all the Indians coming to Washington during nearly 20 years—
from 1881 to 1900. Mr. Jones was in
that period photographer for the
United States Geological Survey,
which then embraced the functions

of the Bureau of Ethnology, now a part of the Smithsonian Institution. As the pioneer Indian photographer, making the first pictures of Indians for the Government in 1881, Mr. Jones recalls having made these pictures in a room over a horse stable, used by Prof. Baird, then head of the Smith-sonian Institution, for keeping his mount. It was, of course, before the days of the automobile. On one side of this dark room above the horse stable were the rooms of a taxider-mist, who would put birds on the roof of the building to rot so that the flesh might be removed and their skins preserved for artificial stuffing. In this environment, not altogether inviting, the first Government por-traits of Indians for ethnological pur-

poses were obtained. The Geological Survey then occupied the northeast corner rooms of the Smithsonian Building, and the Washington staff of this Government serv ice consisted of barely more than dozen persons. Now the Geologica Survey occupies the large share of a

This veteran photographer, the only photographer of the Geological Survey at that time, and one of perhaps or three then in the Government service, was not restricted in his to making impressions of the profiles



CHARLES C. JONES, WHO, IN HIS GOVERNMENT SERVICE, HAS

SPENT 50 YEARS IN A DARK ROOM.

mouth of the Virgin River in the southeast corner of Nevada—a water voyage of about 1,000 miles. These tives of thousands of photographic of Indians. When he had served his apprenticeship and received his appointment as a full-fledged photographer, he became attached to the experiment of the e

rarmth. It had warmth—amazingly. The brocaded bloom was heavy. The brocaded bloom was heavy. The brocaded bloom was heavy. The anomaly of knowing the West, "I'll wear it," said Isabel. "Sho' is pretty," said Mattie. "Sho' is pretty," said Mattie. "Sho' will." This expedition entered the Green "Yas'm." said Mattie. "Sho' will." The anomaly of knowing the West, by the Geological Survey to make the by the Geological Survey to make the out having gone farther west than out having gone farther west than and turned out thousands of photographic prints of that scenic section of a brief interval when he worked as a printer for a country weekly newspaper in Maryland. "I have handled so many pictures of the country."

a piece of glass for exhibition at the World's Fair. World's Fair.

Charles Jones was born in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1856, but he moved to Washington when he was 8 years old. "As a boy I had an ambition to become a railroad engineer," he indi-cated as he related that his father was an engineer. "All of my aunts and uncles were railroad men," he added.